

The TATLER

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and **BYSTANDER**

London
November 21, 1945



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Twelfth Day Eve

AN old Devonshire custom still kept up in some parts is the toasting of the apple trees. The farmer attended by all his workpeople and accompanied by an enormous pitcher of cider goes to the orchard and encircling one of the trees recites:

*"Here's to thee old apple tree
Whence thou mayst bud, and whence thou mayst blow?
And whence thou mayst bear apples enow?
Hats full! Caps full!
Bushel—bushel—sacks full
And my pockets full too. Huzza."*

Schweppes^{*} Table Waters
famous since 1790

^{*} Temporarily giving place to the standard war-time product—but Schweppes will return

THE TATLER

and BYSTANDER

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CONTENTS

PORTRAITS IN PRINT

Simon Harcourt-Smith

AT THE PICTURES

James Agate

THE THEATRE

Anthony Cookman

HER SOCIAL JOURNAL

"Jennifer"

IN PARIS

"Priscilla"

PICTURES IN THE FIRE

"Sabretache"

BOOKS

Elizabeth Bowen

STANDING BY

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

CARAVAN CAUSERIE

Richard King

AIR EDDIES

Oliver Stewart



Bassano

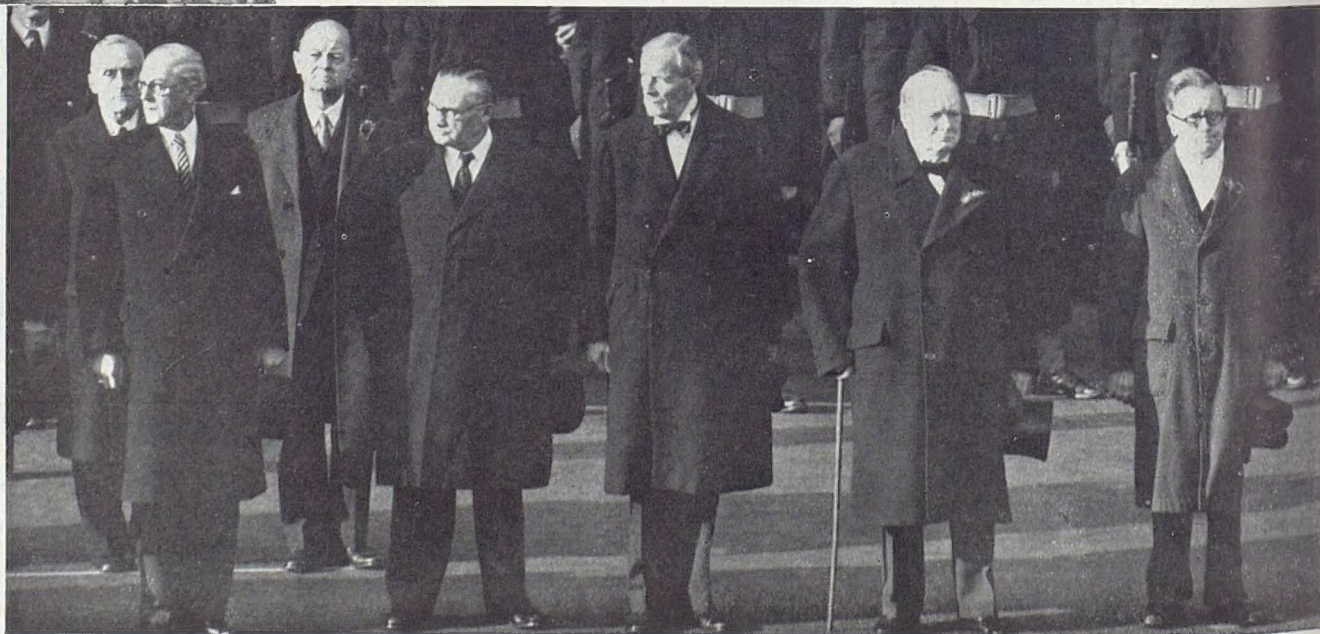
Wife Of An Ambassador: Lady Charles

Lady Charles is the wife of H.E. the British Ambassador to Italy, Sir Noel Hughes Havelock Charles, K.C.M.G., M.C. She is one of the most popular and best-dressed of the great diplomatic hostesses and is famous for her charm. Sir Noel Charles, who succeeded to the baronetcy on the death of his brother in 1936, served with distinction in the 1914-18 war as a captain in the Royal Fusiliers. He was British Ambassador to Brazil from 1941-44, when he was appointed British High Commissioner in Italy, and then Ambassador



The King and the people of London commemorated the dead of two wars in the first Armistice Day ceremony at the Cenotaph since 1938

Our great War Premier stood with members of the present Cabinet at the Cenotaph; Mr. Arthur Greenwood, Lord Privy Seal, Mr. Ernest Bevin, Foreign Secretary, Lord Jowitt, Lord Chancellor, Mr. Winston Churchill, and Mr. Herbert Morrison, Lord President of the Council and Leader of the House (L. to R.)



Simon Harcourt-Smith's PORTRAITS IN PRINT

The Golden Eagle

FOR the first time in my life I came yesterday to close quarters with a golden eagle. Eagles hitherto have been for me no more than noble specks in an Argyllshire sky, or seen for an instant high above the Great Wall of China. This eagle sat on the arm of a sofa in the corner of a noisy London party, dozing for most of the time, and occasionally surveying us with a contemptuous eye.

He belongs to Captain Knight, an eminent expert on falconry; or perhaps Captain Knight belongs to the eagle, for a bird so massive and imperious could hardly owe allegiance to any one. Captain Knight has succeeded in training him in the precise and delicate art of falconry, and they both appear in the new film *I Know Where I'm Going*. In the film the eagle who, as they say, almost "steals the picture," is supposed to kill a dog-fox. Apparently in real life he has not yet done so. It would be amusing to fly him in the Belvoir or the Cottesmore country.

Captain Knight and the eagle were torpedoed in the Atlantic five years ago. When passengers and crew took to the boats, Captain Knight, to his great distress, was of course compelled to leave the eagle behind. Then a miracle happened. The torpedoed liner did not sink, but was towed half full of water into the Clyde. The boats meanwhile had been picked up by a destroyer, and so soon as he reached England, about a week after the torpedoing, Captain Knight dashed up to the Clyde in search of his eagle.

He got on board the waterlogged liner, somehow got below to his cabin, somehow turned the rusty lock and entered half fearing what he might find. The eagle was perched on top of a cupboard, alive, well, hungry and radiant at the sight of his crony.

Hawking

I REGRET that hawking has now become such a very particular and esoteric art. For there exist few ways of hunting game that are more exciting and satisfactory. To ride out in the morning with one's falcon on one's wrist, to toss it after the quarry and gallop madly to the point where it has struck and fallen is a pleasure that never failed me. The Downs in Berkshire and Wiltshire are the ideal stage for the art. It would need a great technician to hawk as Captain Knight apparently does in the semi-Metroland round Sevenoaks.

Mongolian Hawking

UNTIL the beginning of the eighteenth century hawking was the favourite sport of country gentlemen—and ladies too for that matter. I once saw an exquisite pair of hawking gloves which had quite certainly belonged to Queen Elizabeth. As certainly, they had not been made for show.

The improvement in the flint-lock musket about the time of the Marlborough wars made shooting possible as a daily pastime and was largely responsible, I imagine, for the gradual decline in the popularity of hawking. There is now left only one part of the world where hawking is an almost universal sport—in the medieval expanses of Mongolia. At the court of your average Mongolian prince—I speak of the days before the Japanese got up to mischief there—the falcons were always the most pampered, the most cherished of treasures. But somehow falconry goes with that world of fleet ponies and archery and jousting, where the old warriors proudly show the sword scars on their close-cropped pates, and the only product of the modern world for which they have much use is fizzy lemonade.

Heaven knows what may have happened to this rather beguiling anachronism of a world, caught between the land-hunger of Chinese colonists, the intrigues of Japanese colonels, and now the advance of Russia through Outer Mongolia, which was of course virtually incorporated in the Soviet Union years ago. What a film there is to be made about Outer Mongolia after the Russian Revolution, when the mad White Russian Baron von Ungern-Sternberg set up his bloody and fantastic régime in Urga, the capital! Ungern-Sternberg perished most horribly in a revolution engineered by the Bolsheviks, the lamas were driven out, the necromancers unemployed and the girls made into shock-workers in the sausage factories of the liberated Mongolian proletariat.

Le Cannaméliste Français

OUT of store has recently come a great treasure of mine, a book called *Le Cannaméliste français*, an elaborate treatise on pastry, puddings of the most delicate nature, the making of jams, marmalades and punches, the ordering of a handsome dinner-table, and a hundred other agreeable subjects over which to dream in the intervals of being told "No, no, no" by butcher, fishmonger and

"Was Mahomet inspired with a dove?
Thou with an eagle art inspired then?"

—WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

wine merchant. It was written almost exactly two centuries ago by the Sieur Gilliers, "Chef d'office et Distillateur" to that sympathetic figure, Stanislas Leszynski, King of Poland (1677-1766). Stanislas was compelled to abdicate the throne of Poland in 1736; in compensation, since the father-in-law of Louis XV could not be left without any sort of appanage, he received the Dukedom of Lorraine and Bar, with a proviso that it revert to France on his death. At Lunéville he established the most luxurious and agreeable of all courts where there was little point in talking politics. He lived in great happiness with his philanthropies, and his amiable mistress, Madame de Boufflers. He would receive Voltaire for long visits, built the superb Place Stanislas at Nancy, and allowed Gilliers, his pastrycook, to deploy his talent on a princely scale. In the *Cannaméliste* there are no details of his masterpiece in pistachio ice, showing Leda and the Swan among fountains of sherbet. But there are recipes for making "marmelade de roses de provins" which I mean certainly to try in happier days, and a thousand other details no less strange. The book was produced at the height of the Rococo, when a straight line was highly unpopular. Even the plans of the dinner tables show them curving and twisting with a gaiety that makes our rectangular plans seem deplorably unimaginative.

But perhaps the chief glory of the book is the illustrations of the "Garnitures de table." The most extravagant sort of Chinese temples with mandarins holding up baskets of preserved fruits.

Table-pieces

WONDER if we shall ever see such things again? At Carlton House the Regent had a little river flowing down his long table between gilded banks, and filled with the rarest fish from China. At a house in Berlin where I sometimes went before the war, there were complete table decorations in Meissen porcelain, in the Chinese, the Polish or the African manner. My host would spend hours deciding which service should be used on which particular evening.

Email de Nevers

BUT perhaps the most beautiful table-centre in the world is in the Musée des Arts Décoratifs in Paris. It is the model of a garden, with flowers carried out in silk, while the statues and temples are

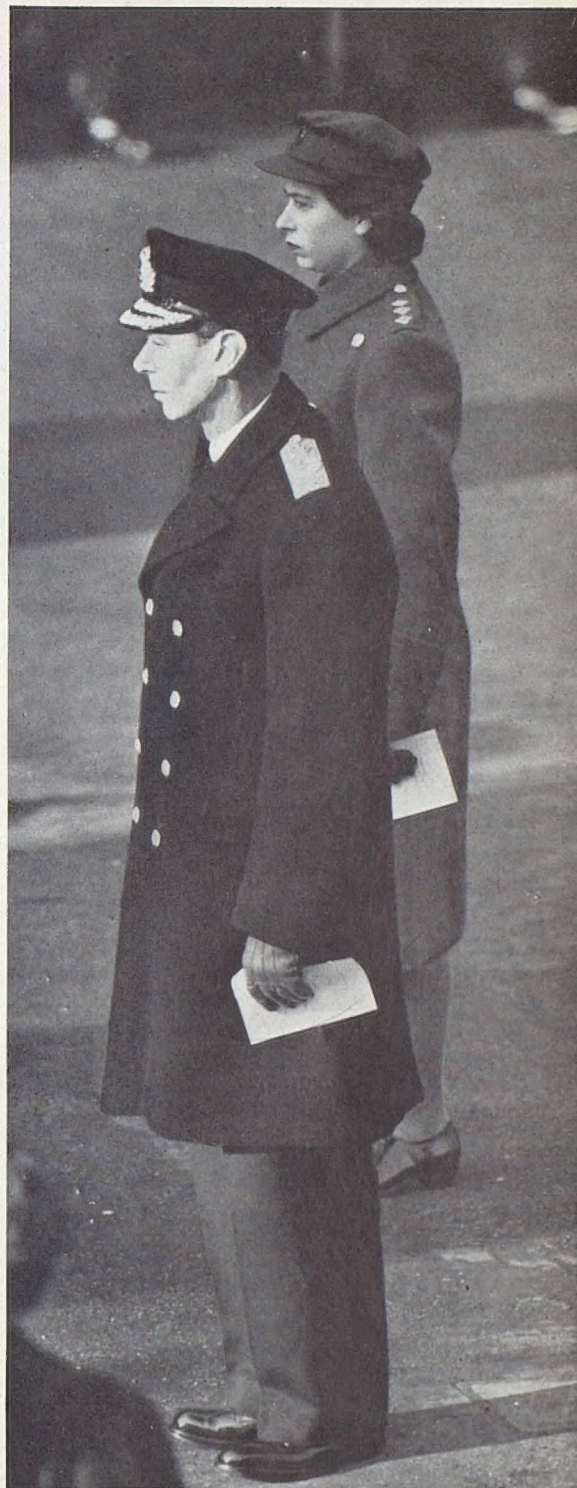
made of that bewitching material "Email de Nevers." This is a sort of coloured glass, of infinite delicacy, from which was made between the time of Louis XIV and the Revolution all kinds of figures and temples—far finer than anything achieved in porcelain, even by the greatest German masters. I happen to possess a clock rather in the manner of the table-centre. It is also a garden, a model of the Gardens of Tivoli, with minute lovers in the style of Vigée-Lebrun wandering down alleys bordered with silken flowers in urns no bigger than your thumbnail. I also have a figure of a spark dressed in the colour-scheme known as "Cardinal-sur-la-paille," the red and yellow which the sympathizers with the Cardinal de Rohan wore when he was flung into the Bastille for his part in the disreputable, tragi-comic affair of the necklace for Marie Antoinette.

But by far the best collection and knowledge of "Email de Nevers" is possessed by Mrs. William King, wife to that eminent Museum official and authority upon the eighteenth century. Her pretty drawing-room in Thurloe Square bristles with the stuff. She owns two splendid figures of the Seasons which I would give much to possess.

Kittens

THE younger of my two Persian cats has recently given birth to two kittens, which if obscurely connected on their anonymous father's side, are of considerable beauty. True, they are tabbies, but tabbies with very bold markings, and of a rich, almost black and silver colour. They are graced into the bargain with the noble slightly flattened heads which you find in good Persian male cats.

They have reached the age when their mother has begun to break off her purring and spit at them. Soon it will be all spitting, and love again, a love by no means maternal, will be once more, I fear, her obsession. The cruel inexorable laws of the feline world! But I am not sure that the candid hostility of cats to their offspring after a certain time is not preferable to the jealousy, the suspicions, the constant reminders of sacrifices suffered for you with which our parents seem to have made most of my generation miserable. Having children at all is automatically a matter of intense sacrifice, principally for the mother, but even for the father, too. Yet how miserable one is till children come. Why then even think of the word "sacrifice"?



Princess Elizabeth, in uniform as Jun. Commander A.T.S., took part in the ceremony for the first time, and laid her wreath on the Cenotaph after His Majesty had placed his tribute there



Princess Margaret, H.M. the Queen, H.M. Queen Mary, and H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent watched the ceremony from a window in the Home Office



At The Pictures

with

James Agard

Cochran And The Films

LOOKING through Mr. Cochran's *Showman Looks On* . . . I break off to say that what follows is in no sense a review since I would be the last person to trespass on ground belonging to and brilliantly covered by a charming colleague. C. B.'s book covers more than the theatre. It deals with circuses and prize fights and the world of entertainment as a whole. This being so it is astonishing how little of the book is concerned with the cinema. Indeed, C. B. goes as far as to say that the film of *Henry V* was the first picture to move him deeply.

Ten Weeks—Loss £5,007

BUT C. B.'s taste in films—and I suppose one may be immune from them as certain people are immune from certain diseases—is less the point than why the cinema has never gathered to itself a man with the perception, sensitiveness, and acumen of C. B. Cochran. The world of the theatre can be divided into two parts—the business of entertainment and the art of drama. C. B. is an authority on both. Indeed, in C. B. the two have too often been at war with one another. In an earlier book he declared that to have done the Cuadro Flamenco in London was "well worth the £5,007 which I lost on the ten weeks' season." On one of his best and most popular revues he lost more than £20,000. Why? Because he ransacked America for silks, had materials specially woven for him in Lyons, while, as one of his critics impudently observed, "lamps of great price, unobtainable in this country, were borne to him across the Atlantic in, I doubt not, specially chartered ships." Now in the world of the cinema this would not matter. There is nothing that the film magnates enjoy so much as not getting their value for their money.

Is somebody going to make a million-pound film about Shakespeare's *Antony and Cleopatra*? Yes. Whereupon the director reads the play and makes a few notes. "Barge." He realizes he will want a barge. So he appoints somebody Director of Barges with £10,000 a year, tells him to read up all about barges, find out how many kinds there were in *Cleopatra's* day, and have one made, full-size, in each kind. Burnished with gold, of course. And real gold, not gilt paint. And promises round about August to run his eye over them and choose which he'll have. Next it occurs to the director that *Antony* will require a bodyguard. Whereupon two score hefty young men are

engaged at £3 a day so that they may be on hand sometime next April. Six months will then be spent photographing the sea fight at Actium—really the coast at Blackpool—before they discover how to keep the Tower out of the picture. And so on. Now what happens when your film magnate gets hold of a play like *Antony and Cleopatra*? It disappears beneath the film trappings. Whereas a director who had Cochran's taste would manage to preserve the play and deck it with as much ornament as it could stand. In the theatre C. B. would always deck things much more than the box-office receipts would stand; if it had not been so he would now be riding about London in six Rolls-Royces all at the same time, instead of condescending like you and me to the modest taxi, that is when we can get one. But the cinema is another world. It is a world which can afford a Cochran. A world in which the meanest sewer is a veritable Pactolus. I shall now drop the subject of C. B. and cinema, leaving any film magnate who reads this to wonder who Pactolus is, where he hangs out, what terms he wants, and whether he is fixed up with any other company.

Scandals (Tivoli)

YEARS ago I heard the late Edgar Jepson discussing a visit to a silent film, and I remember him saying in the thin, sour voice of Jane Austen's Mr. Bennet: "For some time my wife and I laboured under a misapprehension. What we had taken to be the antics of an anthropoid ape turned out to be incidents in the life of President Lincoln!" I hesitate to think what Jepson would have thought about George White's Scandals.

You may of course, reader, have a passion for what I understand is known as jam sessions. I have not. My view is that if I were to show this film to the monkeys at the Zoo, the R.S.P.C.A. would interfere, and rightly.

Our Vines Have Tender Grapes (Empire)

THIS film undoubtedly has faults, many obvious, glaring faults. Any nincompoop can see that the film was not designed as a film but is merely a novel transferred to the screen. Any highbrow will at once point out that it is not cinematographic. That when a harassed father wipes his spectacles we get a shot of him wiping his spectacles instead of a visual abstract of the wiping-spectacledness of harassed fatherhood. Similarly, when a cow has a calf we see that calf and not an abstract of calfhood. Yes, I'm afraid our intellectuals will regard this film as contemptible, cinematographically speaking. And deplorable in so far as it wallows in domestic sentiment. As

a contribution to the higher culture I award it no medals at all.

BUT then, I am old-fashioned. I hold with Burns:

To make a happy fire-side clime
To weans and wife,
That's the true pathos and sublime
Of human life.

I like seeing that beautiful actor, Edward G. Robinson, discard alike gangsters and sophistication and set about making a happy fireside. I like it even better when the wife is that most accomplished actress, Agnes Moorehead. As far as I am concerned, little Margaret O'Brien cannot put hand, foot, pig-tail, eye-lash, or quivering lip wrong. And then this film springs a new surprise on us, or at any rate on me.

This surprise is one Jackie "Butch" Jenkins, alleged to be a five-year-old, and certainly the ugliest, freckledest, fascinatingest, wittiest little brat in or out of film captivity. The quality of this film will be best conveyed when I say that critics with the torsos of all-in wrestlers, sitting on each side of me, wept copiously throughout. It is certainly the best thing that M.G.M. have done for a very long time.



"He can't lay it until
they find his union card."

Charles Laughton As An Arch Rogue And Prince Of Pirates In "Captain Kidd"

● The most famous pirate of his day is brought to the screen with Charles Laughton in one of his strongest roles. The time is the reign of King William III, and Captain Kidd has just plundered a rich galleon, "The Twelve Apostles," and then with his crew buried the treasure. King William sets a trap for Kidd, authorizing him to escort a rich ship back to England. Kidd instead plunders the ship, and kidnaps the daughter of the English Ambassador from India. After many adventures he returns to England, imagining that he will be covered in glory, only to find that one of his seamen, Mercy (Randolph Scott), has reached the king before him and told him the truth. Kidd is hanged in chains. Right: Charles Laughton. Below: Barbara Britton

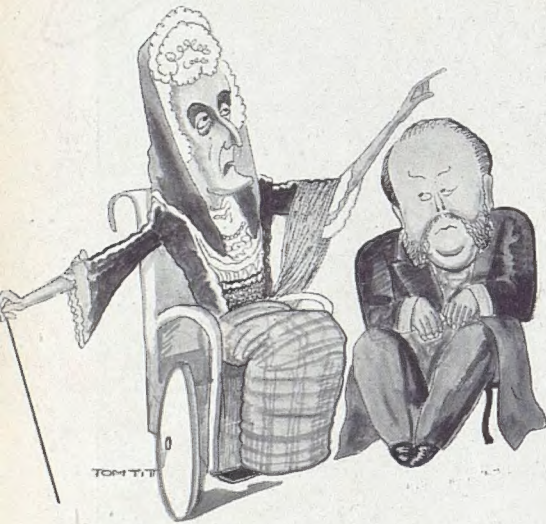


The Theatre

"The Gambler" (Embassy)



Mlle Blanche de Cominges, a very French charmer, and the dangerous French count, the Marquis Eugene de Grioux (Hannah Watt, Ferdy Mayne)



The autocratic and malicious rich aunt, Madame la Princesse de Tarasievitchiev, and her unfortunately impecunious, and expectant nephew, Gen. Zagoriansky (Mary Merrall, Arthur Young)

PLAYGOERS share with playwrights at least one seemingly incurable delusion. Experience tells them that the great Russian novels cannot be compressed into plays that are even passably good; yet they go to watch every fresh attempt with the cheerful hope that this time experience will be proved a liar and the impossible achieved at last. Mr. Norman Ginsbury is the latest hero to fling himself at Dostoevsky, grimly resolved to impose theatrical form on the long, brilliant but formless story of *The Gambler* or to perish in the attempt. He leaves his bones to whiten in good company.

Nor is it fitting that we should censure his reckless daring. From scene to scene we continue foolishly to hope that success is near. We do our best to fill in the obviously inevitable gaps in characterization. We pretend to know many people who are merely mentioned by name. We try to get the feel of some crisis which has in fact sprung up without anything like adequate preparation. We remain, in short, as loyal as possible to Mr. Ginsbury's wholly mistaken conviction that there is a good play in *The Gambler*. For his delusion is also ours. And so when the pleasant go-as-you-please light comedy fades confusedly into a serious study of a young man in the fatal grip of gambling fever we have to make believe that the two distinct and incompatible halves are really joined by subtle psychological threads.

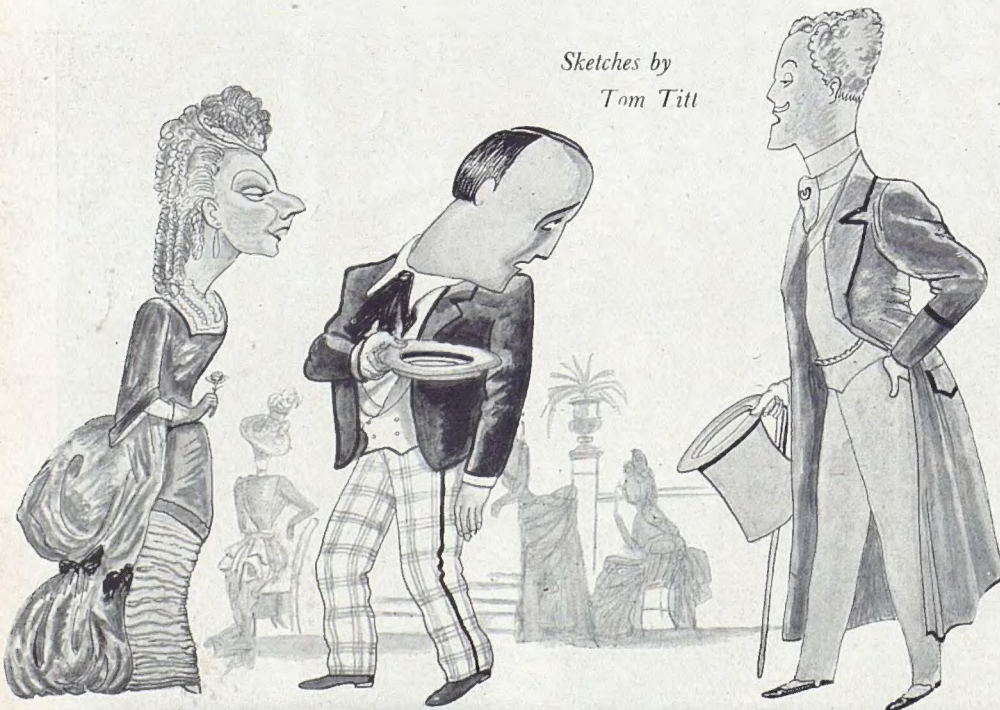
The comedy is mildly amusing. A Russian general staying with his family in a German gambling resort is painfully aware that his bank account would make a less respectable

appearance than his side-whiskers. But a windfall is at hand. A series of telegrams bring him the sad news that his rich aunt is dying. He reacts in accordance with the state of his bank account and the cut of his whiskers. The transports of joy compelled by the one are always breaking through the decorous parade of grief required by the other. When his aunt dies he hopes to marry a French charmer and live happy ever after. Polina, his pretty step-daughter, is not caught in the same comic trap. She is not without affection for the old lady, but she has borrowed money from a dangerous French count and the money may yet save her virtue. Her infatuation for the count has faded, a handsome English milord has appeared, and there is always Alexei, the poor but attractive young tutor to the general's children, who is devoted to her. It is to please her somewhat barbaric humour that he insults an ugly Prussian baroness, and it is because he will not apologize to the important lady that the general is about to dismiss him. But then the aunt dying in Moscow makes her spectacular appearance at Roulettenburg. She is an old lady very well known on the English stage—upright in a wheeled chair, striking out at people with a long ebony stick and indulging in malicious invective and wry jokes. She has herself sent the alarming telegrams to tease her expectant heir, and she now proposes to learn roulette.

The comedy at this point is in full swing. The poor general, already cold-shouldered by his French charmer, is doomed to watch the rich aunt play ducks and drakes with his inheritance. She makes a fatal beginning. She wins a fortune. The same evening she loses it together with much of her own. Penitently she makes preparations for departure, but discovering another 100,000 roubles in her luggage, returns to the tables and loses this sum also. Here the light comedy fades out. The general and his aunt disappear from the scene, and Mr. Ginsbury concentrates first on Polina and then, dismissing her, upon the tutor. Polina has been deserted by the French count and bitterly reflects that she has allowed her loan to purchase her virtue. But all men are the same. Hysterically, she tells the poor tutor of her debt. He rushes away and wins a fortune that Polina may repay the betrayer. Polina yields herself to the tutor, and then throws the money at his feet. She will not be bought a second time. When she returns to Roulettenburg a year later Alexei is a ruined gambler. The passion is now stronger in him than the passion of love, stronger even than the desire for money. The old lady has died at last and a part of her fortune would be his if he consented to abandon the roulette tables. But Alexei borrows five hundred roubles from Polina and disappears into the casino—no doubt to lose them. Miss Mary Merrall, playing the old lady, dominates the play, and Miss Kay Bannerman and Mr. Hugh Burden, though carrying heavy responsibilities capably, are handicapped at every turn by the play's defects.

ANTHONY COOKMAN

Sketches by
Tom Titt



Polina, the heroine who "will not be bought a second time," Alexei, the faithful suitor who loses his soul first for love then for gambling, and the handsome English milord, Mr. Astley (Kay Bannerman, Hugh Burden, Vernon Greeves)

● *Follow the Girls* has everything that a good musical comedy should have, for it moves fast, with plenty of comedy, romance and colour. That inimitable pocket comedian, Arthur Askey, is on the top of his form, especially when he is dressed up as a somewhat eccentric Wave. Evelyn Dall is both a glamorous and charming comedienne, and Wendy Toye pirouettes most exquisitely on her toes. Jack Billings, as a sailor in bell-bottom trousers, is a tap-dancer of unusual grace and versatility, while most of the tuneful numbers are in the capable hands of Hugh French.



Goofy Gale (Arthur Askey), masquerading as a sailor, meets his dream girl, Bubbles Lamarr (Evelyn Dall), a strip-tease dancer with a heart of gold. Goofy finds himself in plenty of trouble with Bubbles's sweetheart, Petty-Officer Banner, but gets his girl in the end.



Bob Monroe (Hugh French), a film-star who is now in the Navy, firmly rejects the advances of Phyllis Brent (Sheila Douglas-Pennant). Phyllis is in reality a spy gathering important naval information for the enemy

All the Girls Love the Sailors

In "Follow the Girls," at His Majesty's Theatre

Photographs by Anneli Bunyard



Wendy Toye, as Betty Deleaninnion, Dancing at the Naval Base Party

JENNIFER WRITES ~

HER SOCIAL JOURNAL

NOTES IN THE
MARGIN

Nov. 22.

*Cicely Courtneidge
first night.
"Under the Counter"
at the Phoenix.*

Nov. 23.

*Ball, Grosvenor
House, 9-1.
In aid of the
City of London
Maternity Hospital.*

Nov. 26.

*Premiere of Noel
Coward's film
"Brief Encounter",
New Gallery, 7.
In aid of Royal
Naval War Libraries*

Nov. 27.

*Private View-
Xmas Tree Fair
for S.A.A.F.A.
at Devonshire
House, Piccadilly,
(Nov. 27-Dec. 8).*

REMEMBRANCE DAY

THEIR MAJESTIES, by attending both the British Legion Festival of Remembrance in the Albert Hall on Armistice Day Eve and the Empire Service of Remembrance at the Cenotaph, set the seal of Royal sympathy on the first acts of commemoration of both world wars. How erect and trim Princess Elizabeth looks as Junior Commander, A.T.S., and how the uniform accentuates her likeness to the Princess Royal. I noticed this as I watched Her Royal Highness standing at the King's side, and then moving forward to lay a wreath at the foot of the memorial immediately after he had placed his there. This is the first time that the Heir-presumptive to the Throne has taken part in the ceremony—in previous years she watched from the Home Office with other members of the Royal Family. This year the Queen and Princess Margaret were at the windows, as well as Queen Mary. The Duchess of Kent, Princess Alice and the Earl of Athlone were also with the Queen in Whitehall and at the Albert Hall. The Athlones, who have been staying at Marlborough House with Queen Mary because their own London home, the Clock House, Kensington Palace, was bombed, are expected back very shortly in Canada, with Lord Lascelles as A.D.C. to his great-uncle.

CEREMONIAL RETURNS

GRADUALLY the ceremonials of pre-war days are returning to grace Royal visits, and though the King and Queen remained faithful on their visit to Wales to their wartime procedure of returning at night to their train in a quiet siding, both in Wales and in Warwickshire, when they went to Birmingham, the Lord Lieutenants of the respective counties welcomed them—Lord Willoughby de Broke at Birmingham and Sir Gerald Bruce in Glamorgan. Lord Willoughby, in uniform as an air commodore, had Lady Willoughby, whose tall figure and lovely hair make her conspicuous in any gathering, with him, and, reviving yet another old custom, the High Sheriff of Warwickshire, Sir Harry Vincent, was also in attendance on Their Majesties throughout their visit.

The Earl of Dudley, who, as Regional Commissioner, took the leading part in the arrangements for all the Royal wartime visits to the Midlands, was absent from the welcoming party, but met the King and Queen a little later, at the Council House lunch, at which the Lord Mayor (Alderman W. T. Wiggins-Davies) and the Lady Mayoress were hosts.

SOVIET RECEPTION

THE annual reception at the Soviet Embassy to celebrate the anniversary of the great October Revolution in Russia is eagerly looked forward to by everyone who has ever enjoyed the lavish Russian hospitality of the Embassy and knows what wonderful hosts the Soviet Ambassador and his charming wife are. The party to celebrate the twenty-eighth anniversary was as delightful as ever. Mme. Gusev, distinguished in black velvet, received the guests with M. Gusev in the large hall of the lovely Embassy, and both must have shaken hands hundreds of times, as there was an immense number of guests.

The food was wonderful and included delicious caviare and vodka. Many of the ambassadors and other members of the Diplomatic Corps were present, as well as most of the Cabinet Ministers and many members of both Houses of Parliament, including Mr. Attlee, who was accompanied by his wife. It was just prior to his departure for America. Mr. Bevin, the Foreign Minister, was greeting many friends, and so was Mrs. Churchill, who is chairman of the Aid to Russia Fund, for which she worked so hard.

ST. GEORGE'S HOSPITAL BALL

THE DUCHESS OF GRAFTON must be very satisfied with the result of her chairmanship of the ball in aid of St. George's Hospital, for during the course of the evening she was able to hand a token cheque for

£800 to Sir George Cory, acting chairman of the Hospital, as part of the proceeds. It was a really good party, and went with a swing from the start, and the Grosvenor House ball-room looked very gay, decorated with murals by the pupils of Professor Vladimir Palunin at the Slade School. To add to the enjoyment of the young people, in addition to a good dance band, two pipers from the Scots Guards were present, to provide music for the reels. When the Duchess announced their presence and asked dancers to arrange their sets, there was a ready response, and the floor was soon crowded with dancers who formed themselves into eightosomes. The reels proved so popular that the pipers were persuaded to stay on and play for more reels later in the evening.

The Duchess of Grafton's big party included her debutante niece, Miss Elizabeth Morse, who came out at this dance, and other guests were Mr. Richard and Lady Victoria Seymour, Capt. and Mrs. L. R. Seymour, Mr. George FitzRoy Seymour, Capt. and Mrs. Gurney, Capt. and Mrs. John Seymour, Sir Henry and Lady Chilton, Miss Veronica Collins, Capt. Ashley-Cooper, the Hon. Rosemary Scott-Ellis, Miss Penelope Forbes, the Hon. Charles Stourton and his pretty sister, Patricia, and Lady Rupert Nevill, in a lovely shade of green with jewellery to match. Tall, red-haired Lord Dalkeith, immaculate in his naval uniform, was also in this party, dancing all the evening. Lord and Lady Waleran had a party at a nearby table, and when the auction was held, Lord Waleran bought the little golden cocker spaniel puppy and several lots of the game offered. Lady Ruth Balfour had come down from her home in Scotland and brought a party. Lady Meyer, in a lovely white satin dress, arrived with Sir Anthony to join a party. Others present were the Countess of Cottenham, Capt. Turner-Bridger, Mrs. Kenneth Hunter and the Hon. Jean Bruce, Lord Balfour of Burleigh's third daughter, who looked well in red velvet.

CONCERT FOR HOSPITAL

JANE CARR, well known on the stage and radio, recently gave a successful concert at the Wigmore Hall in aid of St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington. Looking charming in yellow, heavily embroidered in gold sequins, she sang such favourites as "Porgi Amor," by Mozart, "The Wren," by Benedict, and the "Russian Nightingale," by Alabiéff, with that brilliant accompanist Mr. Gerald Moore at the piano. The other artist assisting the programme was Shulamith Shafer, who played Beethoven's Sonata in F Minor, "Arabesque" and Danse in E by Debussy, and, to end, Ravel's "Toccata." Amongst those I saw in the big audience were Lord and Lady McGowan with their daughter, the Hon. Mrs. Dermot Daly, in a long red evening dress. Miss Carr's husband, Mr. John Donaldson Hudson, was there with several members of his family, including his mother, his sister, Mrs. John Kerrison, and her husband, Mr. Alec. Balfour and Mr. Michael Donaldson Hudson. Others there were Sir Andrew and Lady Duncan, Mrs. "Flash" Kellett, the Hon. Mrs. Leslie Gamage, Lady Jowitt, wife of the Lord Chancellor, Mr. Dorsay Fisher, from the U.S. Embassy, who was chatting to Lt. Proctor, of the U.S. Navy, and his attractive wife, who was the widow of Lord Farnham's son and heir.

"THISTLE FOUNDATION"

AN appeal has been launched in Glasgow in aid of the "Thistle Foundation," to found a community where permanently disabled men may be enabled to live, with their families, for the rest of their lives and have all the necessary treatment. To help this appeal (which hopes to raise £50,000 from the City of Glasgow) Col. Fairley Daly recently organised a dinner, where the splendid sum of £500 was netted during the evening. Among those at the dinner were Col. Fairley Daly, Mr. Malcolm McCulloch and Mrs. James Murray, who had Miss Heather Potter, Capt. Le Page and Lt. Vergiland, of the Netherlands Army, in her party.



A cheerful group at the party included Staff/Sgt. Allen, Michael Wilding, the well-known actor, Brig. George Chatterton, D.S.O., Mr. John Sutro, and film-stars Sally Gray and Valerie Hobson

The Glider Pilot Regiment

Say Farewell to Their Commander, Brig. George Chatterton, at a Party in London



Major and Mrs. Jackson and Major Dale were three people who were all in good form. By the end of the month the regiment will be preparing to go to Palestine



Mrs. Iain Murray, wife of Col. Murray, who commanded the Glider Pilot Regiment at Arnhem, was photographed with Lt.-Col. "Bill" Griffiths, Commander of the G.P.R., and the well-known cricketer

● The Glider Pilot Regiment must be one of the most renowned and exclusive regiments in the world, for when it was originally raised by Brig. George Chatterton, D.S.O., he rejected eleven out of twelve of all the candidates, both officers and men. The regiment recently gave an informal party in London to announce the formation of the Glider Pilot Regiment Association. Ninety-five per cent. of them are now civilians, including Brig. Chatterton, who has just returned to the Stock Exchange, and Col. "Bill" Griffiths, the England wicket-keeper. The new Commander is Col. John Lyne, who is staying on through a year or two to see the unit through its transition from war to peace



Major I. P. Beale, R.E., Mrs. H. L. Carr, Capt. Renshaw, Mrs. Messel and Mr. Kyriakides were guests of S/Ldr. Lord Waleran (standing) and Lady Waleran (right)



This charming golden cocker puppy in the arms of the Duchess of Grafton was bought by Lord Waleran

Gay Evening in a Good Cause

St. George's Hospital Ball
Organised by the Duchess
of Grafton

Left: Miss Diana Trafford congratulating her brother, Mr. Edward Trafford, on the fine pheasant which he secured at the auction



Obviously the Hon. Margaret Elphinstone, niece of H.M. the Queen, Capt. R. E. P. Serocold, and Miss J. Montagu could not have enjoyed the party more



Major Bill Smith-Osborne escorted the Hon. Patricia Stourton, only daughter of Lord Mowbray and Stourton, and Miss Diana Hirst to the buffet



This sextet of charming nurses, the Misses Jill Clarke, Jean Richards, Denise Nicholls, Jean H. Phillips, C. Davies and M. Stella Broadhurst, worked overtime in order to add to the funds raised at the ball

● The ball in aid of St. George's Hospital, organised by the Duchess of Grafton at Grosvenor House, was a gay and brilliant affair. "Jennifer" describes it in her Social Journal on another page, and here are some photographs taken at the party. There was a first-class dance band, and in addition to the swing music which they provided, a couple of pipers from the Scots Guards were there and, to quote Burns, the skirl of the pipes playing "strathspeys and reels, put life and mettle in the heels" of the young dancers

Photographs by Swaebe



The Earl of Dalkeith, heir of the Duke of Buccleuch, looked extremely smart in his naval uniform, and danced indefatigably. He is shown with Mrs. Timothy Gurney



Miss Rosaleen Forbes's royal-blue crêpe dress was extremely becoming. She's next to Capt. Ian Calvocoressi, and nearer the camera are Lady Rupert Nevill (formerly Lady Anne Wallop) and Mr. Harry Middleton



The Hon. Rosemary Scott-Ellis, daughter of Lord Howard de Walden, had supper with Mr. George FitzRoy Seymour, nephew of the Duke of Grafton

Tale of a Turnabout Theatre

Live People and Puppets in the Same Show in This Original Little Theatre in Los Angeles

Photographs Ralph Crane, Black Star



"Amelia out strolling as fine as you please; Met Audrey who'd come to town with her cheese." Elsa Lanchester, the film-star wife of Charles Laughton, is star of the show. She is a superb comedienne, singer and dancer



Turnabout Theatre gets its name from the ingenious method of reversing the old-fashioned street-car seats which they use inside the theatre. There is a stage at each end of the auditorium, and the puppet show and the live revue have half an evening each



"Mistuh Crusoe is unfair to organized singing, He don' min' harmonizin' But he sho hate organizin' Mistuh Crusoe is unfair."

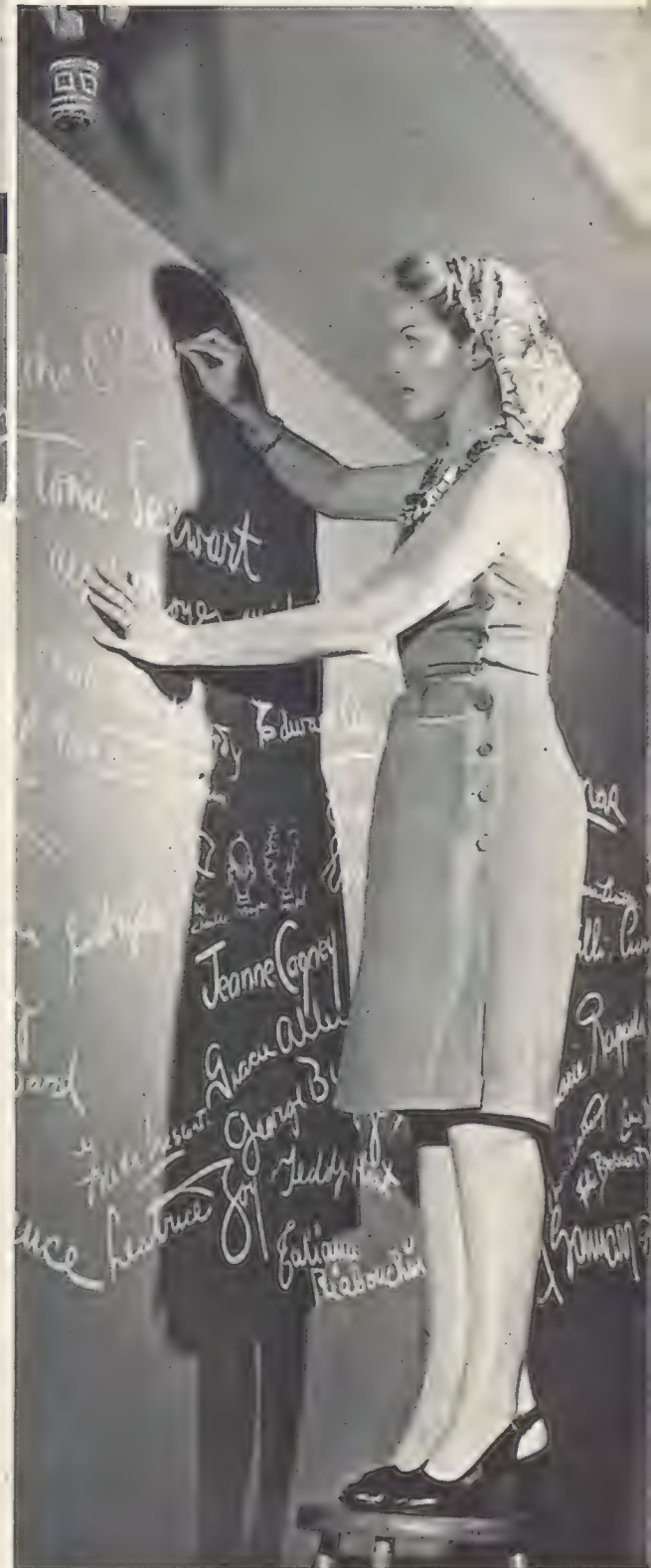


On the north wall of the interior are autographs of famous Hollywood visitors. Above them are boxes with life-size puppets, whose heads turn mechanically as the action shifts from the puppet theatre to the live stage. The woman is typifying the Republican type and giving the Dewey sign



Climax of the puppet show is the appearance of the chief puppeteer, Harry Burnett, on the stage. This always surprises the audience, because the illusion produced from the skilfully-animated puppets is rudely shattered by what appears to be a gigantic human figure

● The Turnabout Theatre is one of the most popular productions in Los Angeles these days. It is a highly original and amusing entertainment, something quite new to the public in fun and surprises. It was originated by three men, Forman Brown, Harry Burnett and Richard Brandon, who used to be known as the Yale Puppeteers. The turnabout street-car seats in Texas gave them the idea for their two-piece show of half live revue and half puppets. The theatre began in the summer of 1941, and before it started Elsa Lanchester came along and told them she wanted to be in their show. She has been there ever since, and works there in the evenings after a day at the studios. The whole of the inside of the gay little theatre is painted in bright colours, with many amusing paintings and inscriptions, while along the walls on pedestals stand a few puppets: Bernard Shaw, Toscanini, Alfred Lunt, Raymond Massey and many more celebrities



Screen actress Martha O'Driscoll adds her signature to the roster on the wall. The walls are painted brick red and the signatures are inscribed in white. After the performance everybody is invited to make a tour through the puppet workshop

PRISCILLA in

PARIS LA TOUSSAINT AND TRANSPORT TROUBLES



Mme. Chamart is now in the South of France with her two perfect champion Skye terriers, and they all seem well pleased with life in the Southern sunshine. Mme. Chamart managed to bring her dogs safely through the worst days of the French famine



Mlle. Hardy, who is an A.S.A. ambulance driver, was photographed beside her battered ambulance, an old friend, which she drove through the Normandy campaign and right on into Germany. She had only just returned from that country when this picture was taken



Voilà !

"The latest style, moddam !"

A charming young Parisienne, at a recent dress show, was wearing a really pretty and becoming hat. Her women friends congratulated her rapturously, but to the surprise of the onlookers, their remarks were received most ungraciously. Her frown became a positive scowl when her husband said : " I told you that was the prettiest hat you've had for ages ! " " Oh, shut up ! " was the disgruntled reply, as the angry little lady whipped off the creation and sat on it. " A hat ought to look idiotic or hideous to be really smart nowadays. If it's as becoming as they all say, it means I look like a frump ! "

DO.A.H. It's sad to think that it always takes a national calamity, or at least some sad occurrence, to bring all classes of French people together in amity. On All Saints' Day the usual pushing, cursing throng in the Metro gave place to crowds of kindly, patient people, all out to help each other. Young people gave up their seats to the old, and the old insisted on first seating the mutilated soldiers and D.P.s. Men, women and children—all were laden with flowers or staggering under heavy pots of chrysanthemums, going and coming from the cemeteries. At the Père Lachaise, the immense grave-ground of the XXth arrondissement, the various delegations that came, with crêpe-muffled banners and slow music, to lay floral tributes on the plaques and monuments erected to those that died for their beliefs and their country in other wars, awaited with patience their turn to pass through the crowded gates; all was peace and kindness. From the Garibaldian descendants to the mourners of this war. From the Royalists to the Republican formations of so many divergent shades of opinion. The Poles and Russians, wearing their national colours, mingled amicably . . . and the banners of the Reds seemed less red than usual in the pale autumn sunshine.

Small fortunes must have been spent for flowers at this year's " la Toussaint " since the cheapest rose costs at least 50 francs, and the mingiest chrysanthemum could not be had for less than ten. Yet never have I seen so many gorgeous wreaths, and there were the usual Parma violets on Sarah Bernhardt's grave.

ON All Saints' eve I was careering across France with the sick wagon, returning from the rich lands of the Dordogne where, despite the early-morning frosts that already glisten on the still green pasture-lands, roses still bloom in high-walled gardens, and the zinnias display riotous bouquets of colour. I wish I could have filled the ambulance, especially as we were returning empty. But then there are so many things that one longs to transport. All the dead branches that abound in woods and forests and that would make such a gorgeous blaze on our fireless hearths; the imposing joints of meat that fill provincial butchers' shops; the great cans of milk that stand at the farm gates or at cross-roads, awaiting collection; the chickens that are not yet wise to motor traffic and are a nuisance to dodge . . . all these things that can only be admired and coveted from afar. The transportation of the smallest amount of drink, foodstuffs or fuel is a complicated problem. First one gets a permit from the local Mayor, and this, of course, takes days! Then the transport office has to have its say. One must give the exact day and hour of one's departure and the probable time of arrival. So rash with our war-worn vehicles. The registration number of the car and the route that it will take are also matters of interest. A breakdown on the way, if only of a few hours, must be reported to the nearest local authorities, and any gendarme on the road can stop you and see if the times tally. Slightly complicated, is-not-it? By the way, D.O.s, so many of you seem to think that Paris policemen and gendarmes are one and the same. Grave error, I assure you. The gendarmes, mounted or foot, belong to the Army and are, in town, mainly for military purposes; it is only in country villages and small towns that they function as policemen. In Paris and big provincial towns the police, who do not belong to the Army, are known as sergents de ville or agents de police. These are the men in blue that you are familiar with, wearing, in winter, the hooded capes that are

so clumsy, though these are now giving place to overcoats. You may speak of them as agents without adding de police; but you must say the whole of sergents de ville! The slang name is " flic " . . . there are also other terms, but not for these chaste pages. Wiser, of course, not to call 'em so to their face; you had better preface any enquiry with : " Monsieur l'Agent. " If you do this you will find the Paris " flic " almost (I say almost) as obliging as the British bobby!

SOME weeks ago I told you that one of the finest Paris theatres—the Pigalle—was to become a music-hall under the name of les Folies Montmartre. Later this was contradicted, and I duly passed on the information. Now the squabbling is over. The pro-theatreites lose. The Folies win. This is all to the good. The Casino de Paris and Folies Bergère are vegetating, on their fast-waning reputation, with shoddy shows that even the provinces would sneer at, and we can do with the sort of soigné production that Maurice Hermite is preparing. André Randall and Geneviève Guity will be the co-stars. Unlike Yvonne Printemps, who was the first Mme. Guity and made her début behind the footlights at the Folies Bergère somewhere around 1909, Geneviève Guity, thanks to her husband, comes from legitimate comedy to the music-hall stage, and this, methinks, is a harder job than t'other way round. I came across the great Sacha himself recently. The great Sacha is not quite so Sachaesque as he used to be when one sees him slinking into a grilled baignoir at the Théâtre de Paris after the audience is seated and the curtain is up and slinking out again before the play is ended. One feels sorry for him. Much as I dislike, and have always disliked, the man, I owe him, as an actor-author, many a perfect evening's entertainment. For over thirty years he has been our grand amuseur, though I doubt whether anything that he has written, except perhaps Paster, will be remembered.

Sooner or later he will be allowed to make a come-back and we shall not boulder our pleasure. We may perhaps find, then, that recent events have ousted some of the Ego from his cosmos, and inspired the play that will be his masterpiece. May we be there to see—and hear.

PRISCILLA.



From " La France au Combat "

" When will mamma get out of her barrack-room habits ! "

A Family in Sussex

Mrs. Anthony Stocker and Her
Children at Moleyne's Mede

● Mrs. Anthony Stocker is the charming and attractive wife of Colonel Anthony Stocker. He is commanding the 22nd Dragoon Guards in Germany, and is expected home on leave soon after Christmas. They have two children, Michael, aged seven, and Peta Carolyn, who is three and a half. These pictures were taken at the Stockers' country home, Moleyne's Mede, near Bexhill, where the children enjoy all the advantages of country life, and Mrs. Stocker has plenty of opportunity to pursue her favourite hobby, which is gardening. Formerly Miss Peta Davis, she is the daughter of Mr. Cyril Davis, the well-known yachtsman. During the war she worked for the W.V.S., and also did canteen work for the American forces

Peta Carolyn Looks Through the Wire Netting

Photographs by Swaebe



Cycling Home: a Bit of Uphill Work



Michael and Peta Carolyn are Taken for a Ride

London Reception to Meet Field-Marshal Alexander



Field-Marshal Sir Harold Alexander, Governor-General Designate of Canada, with portrait-painter Maurice Codner. The Field-Marshal is a gifted amateur artist



Sir Jocelyn Lucas, Bt., Founder and Chairman of the Allies Welcome Committee, with Sir Eugen and Lady Effie Millington-Drake



Mr. Anthony Eden, the President of the Allies Welcome Committee, with a young officer



Lady Margaret Alexander, wife of the Field-Marshal, with General Key and Mrs. Key



Sir Henry Craik, Bt., formerly Governor of the Punjab, and Political Adviser to the Viceroy, 1941-43, with Mrs. D. L. Busk



Left: Major-Gen. Robert Laycock, D.S.O., who became Chief of Combined Operations in 1943, with Mrs. Laycock

The Governor-General Designate of the Dominion of Canada is Entertained by the Allies Welcome Committee



of the Allies Welcome Committee, in conversation of the Royal Netherlands Air Force



The Hon. Enid Paget, fourth daughter of Lord Queenborough, with Capt. the Hon. Jack Freeman-Mitford, brother of Lord Redesdale

Young Aspirants to Stardom



Fred Daniels
June Sylva is the seventeen-year-old daughter of actor-author Vernon Sylva and his wife Marie. During the war she has been living in Hollywood, but has now come back to this country to begin her stage career, following in the footsteps of her father and mother. Vernon Sylva is regarded as the leading farce-writer of to-day



Fred Daniels
Barbara White is starring with Derek Farr in the film version of "Quiet Week-end," the Esther McCracken comedy which gave her her first chance—as the under-study who became the star—in the West End. Barbara's first acting experience was at the Stratford Memorial Theatre. She is twenty years old and was born in Essex. "Quiet Week-end" is her second film; her first, in which she appeared with Dame Irene Vanbrugh, was "It Happened One Sunday"



John Vickers
Kay Bannerman is probably England's youngest actress-playwright. She is part-author with Harold Brooke (Ann Todd's brother) of "Fit for Heroes," and is at the moment playing opposite Hugh Burden in Norman Ginsbury's play "The Gambler" at the Embassy



Elizabeth Fry, who has been dancing with E.N.S.A. companies since the age of thirteen, when she managed to pass herself off as seventeen, is now at the age of eighteen leader of the ballet in "Merrie England," the lovely musical show at Princes Theatre. Elizabeth was in "Lisbon Story" and has had a four-weeks cabaret season at the Bagatelle. She creates her own costumes and dances

By "Sabretache"

PICTURES IN THE FIRE

The Irish Spearhead

IF I did not abhor the most fatuous phrase in our language, the temptation to use it vis-à-vis Cheltenham would be almost irresistible. Schubert is no flier, but he is one of the best craftsmen in the trade, honest as the daylight, and as safe as we used to think that the Bank of England was; yet this nice seven-year-old, Poor Flame, the advance file from Ireland, beat him quite pointless over his own course with his very own jockey on his back, whereas the winner had a stranger up. The pair were at level weights, 11 st. 12 lb., a comfortable chasing burden, and Poor Flame, after waiting off Schubert most of the way, had him at his mercy three fences from home, and T. Rimell never had to shake him up. Yet this young horse is by no means the best they have in pickle. In a Hunter's Chase at Fairyhouse on Irish Grand National day (April 2nd this year), Poor Flame was top of the heap with 13 st., and the flying course and the banks seem to come exactly the same to him. Personally, I have always believed that anyone who tries to teach an Irish horse his job over obstacles is a No. 1 fool. Leave him alone, and you won't come home on a stretcher—do the other thing, and you may be carried home in a horse-rug. If I might make that bold, I recommend the prudent to keep their eyes well skinned if Knight Paladin, who is only a six-year-old, and Drumbilla arrive in our midst. Even if the book had not said so, I should have done it without any bidding from "The Broth of a Boy," a kindly scout in the Evergreen Isle. Anyway, I suggest that we do not rate Poor Flame's win too lightly just because he has hit plodding Schubert for six. We knew that Schubert had no burst of foot at the finish, but he is a rock-bottom stayer and a beautiful camper, in whose presence the very best do not dare to put a foot wrong. Remember the Cheltenham Gold Cup, March 17th this year: Red Rower 1, Schubert 2, Paladin 3; 3 lengths comfortably; 1½ lengths. And again I say let us believe that they have a good many more at home in that distressful land, but are better than Poor Flame. Red Rower may not be a paladin, but he represents about the best defender we have to offer to the invader—at the moment. We have no Cloister or Manifesto to hold the fort for us.

Lord Stalbridge's Hand

THERE is one man here, and many another in that "South Quorn" country, who wish the former Master of the Fernie (and before then the South and West Wilts.) the cream of the luck with the very nice hand he holds. Bogskar (the very easy winner of the 1940 Grand National), Red Rower, who thoroughly deserves this year's Gold Cup, and now this eight-year-old Red April, who danced away with the Prestbury Handicap Chase, only 2 miles it is true, with 12 st. 7 lb. on his back; Alacrity, 10 st. 7 lb., quite unable to make any offer; and Tallin, 11 st. 9 lb., conqueror of Poet Prince last March at Cheltenham over 3 miles, but getting 16 lb., fourth. Red April is a recruit from the gorse-topped obstacles, but he has taken to jumping the big ones like a duck does to water.

Three in a Row

ALTHOUGH Poet Prince was at a well-justified price when he went out at 7 to 4 on in the Cheltenham Handicap Chase on the 10th, and although he had nothing very formidable to beat, he had 12 st. on his back, the distance was 3 miles, and he won cantering. It was his third win all in a row, and nothing entices a horse—or a man, for that matter—to go on winning so much as winning. He beat the same horse, Master P., as he beat at Taunton on October 20th over approximately the same distance, but giving him a lot more weight; in between whiles. On October 27th he beat Bogskar quite comfortably by 4 lengths over 3 miles 1 furlong at Wincanton, and, what is more important, gave him 7 lb. The weights were 11 st. 7 lb. and 11 st. Neither Bogskar nor Poet Prince is in his first youth, but the former has been a first-class horse. He had only 10 st. 7 lb. in the 1940 National, so his time, 9.20½ths, although it was only the fractions slower than Golden Miller's 1934 record, need not occupy us too much, because Miss Paget's horse had 12 st. 2 lb.; but even now a clean-cut victory over Bogskar must count. Fulke Walwyn has got Poet Prince as fit as hands can make him; we know that he can jump the Aintree fences; the only question is: "Will the distance beat him?" We do not know yet.

Gimcrack

HE was a very small grey horse, said to have been only 13.3, but in any case not more than 14.1; that is much smaller than the thing which to-day is called a polo "pony," and which ranges from 15 to 16 hands. Gimcrack was foaled in 1760, and was the best 4-miler of his day, so the Yorkshireman, many long years after he had gone to the equine Valhalla, named a 6-furlong race for three-year-olds after him, and this, in due course, brought into being the Gimcrack dinner, at which the owner of the winner of the year was, and still is, the guest of honour, and was enticed to make an important speech embodying his views on the current affairs of the Turf, and any personal ideas he might entertain for their better direction. This dinner, in abeyance during the war, is to be revived on December 11th, and to Lord Derby, as the owner of this year's winner, Gulf Stream, would in the ordinary course of events fall the honour, but unhappily, and to the great general loss of the racing world, his lordship's health will not permit of his keeping a somewhat onerous engagement, and a deputy will have to be found. I suggest that Lord Rosebery is the obvious choice if he can be persuaded to step into the breach, for there are very few owners of the day with a better knowledge, especially where bloodstock breeding is concerned, plus that great experience gained in the actual fray of the turf.

Small Horses

GIMCRACK's era was rated the one of the undersized, yet King Herod, foaled in 1758, was 15.3, and the great Eclipse, foaled in 1764, was a full 16.1. He was bred and raced by "Butcher" Cumberland, as also was Marske, his son. To skip forward a very long way from Gimcrack to 1868 and The Lamb; he was another grey, and he won the Grand National in that year as a six-year-old, and again in 1871, and in 1872 ran fourth. He was only 14.2 and, like most entires, jumped very big. Aintree, on a general reckoning, was not then as stiff a proposition as later on it became; but to win was a pretty good accomplishment for any pony with 10 st. 7 lb. on his back the first time and 11 st. 4 lb. next time. Lord Poulett owned him when he won; Baron Oppenheim when he ran fourth with the top weight, 12 st. 7 lb.



Lt.-Col. Harold Boyd-Rochfort, D.S.O., M.C., came with Mrs. Boyd-Rochfort to see the Irish Cesarewitch, which, for the second year in succession, was run at Phoenix Park instead of the Curragh. He is a brother of the King's trainer



Miss Anita Browne, Mrs. Dominic Browne, Lady Stafford-King-Harman, Mrs. Edward Boylan and Miss A. Mackie. Mrs. Browne is a daughter of Mr. Gerald Deane, and Mrs. Boylan is the wife of the newly-appointed Secretary to the Irish Turf Club



Sir Harold Gray, K.B.E., who wins many races on Irish racecourses with horses almost exclusively bred at Gogmagog, with Countess Taaffe. Mr. J. Ismay's Spam won the Irish Cesarewitch at 5 to 2 on

At the Irish Cesarewitch: Notable Sporting Personalities

Poole, Dublin

Two Opening Meets

The Craven and the Old Berkeley (East)

● The Craven and the Old Berkeley (East) both held their Opening Meets recently. The Craven, which is a next-door neighbour of the Avon Vale, is celebrated for being John Warde's old country; almost a legendary figure in hunting history, he was a great pillar of fox-hunting and a breeder of hounds. The Old Berkeley (East), as it is now, was divided again into two packs of the East and West in 1943. Together with the Berkeley, it is the only other pack where the hunt servants wear tawny coats. The original kennels were at Charing Cross, where the station is, and hounds were probably exercised in front of St. Martin-in-the-Fields. A contemporary humorist of the time was heard to say that on a blank day they were allowed to draw the Zoological Gardens. The Master, Major S. G. R. Barratt, has only just been demobilised from the 16/5th Lancers, in which he served during the war



The Craven : Hounds on Their Way to the Meet



Mrs. Fitzgerald was admiring Miss Mann Thomson's show hack, Mandalay. Miss Mann Thomson's family is well known in Warwickshire, and used to live at Kineton



Talking to the Master, Mr. H. Coriat, were the Hon. Lady Fox, who is the daughter of the late Lord Elmsley and wife of Sir Gifford Fox, and Miss Gena Fox



An American follower of the Old Berkeley who was out in uniform was Mr. R. Jones, of the U.S. Export Air Lines, who hails from Cambridge, Mass.



View of the Meet: the Master, Major S. G. R. Barratt, Talks to One of the Field



The Master's Wife, Mrs. Barratt, Leads Off the Field After the Meet



Lord Chesham, who had two of his small grandchildren and a young friend with him, is a former Master of the Old Berkeley and also of the Bicester. The Meet was held at Lord Chesham's place, Latymer



A large family party were Mr. and Mrs. Agelasto with their three daughters. The Old Berkeley (East) has a strong Pony Club branch of several hundred young members, of whom Miss Barratt, daughter of the Master, is the Secretary

ELIZABETH BOWEN

reviewing

BOOKS

Should They?

Now we feel ourselves on the way "back to normal"—though still on an early stage of that long road—the old vexed questions surrounding women's employment are likely, once again, to crop up. Should women work? Can they? Do they really want to? Does work make them less attractive? Will family life—and, through that, the life of the nation—go to the dogs if they do? If a woman is doing a man's work—i.e., work that a man could do—should she be paid at a man's rate? If not, why not? If yes, why? Should a woman, in peace time, automatically retire from salaried work on marriage?

All these points come up in *Women and Work*, by Gertrude Williams—a volume in "The New Democracy" Series (Nicholson and Watson; 5s.). They come up for discussion; and, one might say, revision—for war has modified many of our opinions, as well as radically-affecting facts. They are dealt with (though never arbitrarily disposed of) in a manner that is attractively cool-headed, warm-hearted and sane. For a start, Mrs. Williams commands a wide range of facts; and has the no less necessary background of diversified human experience. She is a lecturer in Economics at Bedford College (University of London). During the war she has worked at the Ministry of Labour and National Service; and she has recently been appointed a member of the Catering (Cafés) Wages Board under the Catering Wages Act, 1943. She is in a position to show how far economic changes have already affected women's position, and to suggest how much further this is likely to go. At the same time, never throughout *Women and Work* is she writing of women as mere abstractions: her consciousness of individual problems, of the infinite variations of feminine temperament and outlook, is active the whole time.

The "Must" and the "Wish"

"It is quite likely," says Mrs. Williams engagingly, in her "Note to the Reader," "that you will disagree with many of the opinions implied or expressed in the chapters that follow." Actually, I felt, by the end of *Women and Work*, that the average reader would find remarkably little to quarrel with. By this, I don't mean the book is in the dull sense "safe"—merely, that it is not heady

or *parti pris*. Mrs. Williams, in common with Jane Austen, takes it as axiomatic that woman's object (and fulfilment) is marriage, and making a success, both before and after marriage, of her personal life. To this she adds, that in a post-two-wars world, it is now necessary, before and in some cases after marriage, for the majority of women to pay their way. Outside interests, contacts with other people, and her own money to spend are obtained by a woman at the cost of work. Mrs. Williams takes it that a high percentage of women would probably not seek work for its own sake.

Only above a certain level of means has the question of work hitherto been optional. Traditionally, the daughter of the working-class family has had to work, in the years between school and marriage. Many—as has been evident from the languid and capricious behaviour of young servants, shop assistants and waitresses—would definitely rather not: here, there is no question of the career or vocation. Careers and vocations began to come into the picture, in the second half of the nineteenth century, for the daughter of the middle-class family, who rebelled against the barren, and in some cases futureless, dullness of her sheltered position. Should such girls fail to marry (and the rich middle-class nineteenth-century British home had the disadvantage of almost Oriental seclusion), their prospects were dim; should Papa fail to provide for them, they were literally hideous. And more, in most families there was the clever girl, or the one who, at any price, wanted to see the world, or, best of all, the girl with the troubling, perhaps still nebulous, sense of social responsibility. Piety, intellectual curiosity or humanism probably were the mainspring of the first careers: the first of the well-to-do daughters to leave home went out as missionaries, students, nurses or social workers. The odium of being "unwomanly" still loomed large.

Nowadays, the "must" is creeping up on the "wish." Masculine prestige—the desire to be seen to be able to support a whole troop of totally idle and doubtfully decorative daughters—has had to abandon one of its fortresses. There is still—as Mrs. Williams reasonably points out—a not unreasonable hesitation on the part of parents as to spending money to outfit a girl for a career. She will probably marry and stop work; whereas, the son must make an abiding and honourable

place for himself in the world, and, sooner or later, support his own family.

Results

So, women tend, in work, to be not more than half-equipped—semi-amateurs, free-lances. (To my mind, it is in the free-lance professions that they do best.) In the mass, they are still cheap labour—and, as such, arouse male antagonism, during difficult times. They are still, in the main, excluded from Trade Unions—and thus, forced into the involuntary role of blacklegs—Mrs. Williams suggests that the working-man's attitude, and policy, towards the working woman has been short-sighted. As to the effects on a woman, as a woman, of working, she has no doubts at all: work tends to make a woman (unless she is quite hopeless to start with) more intelligent, sympathetic and companionable—and thus, in general, attractive. There is no doubt that the laws that govern attraction change—the "sheltered"-type girl, with her ignorances, insipidities, timidities and fads would, these days, seem intolerably dull. The average girl, Mrs. Williams points out realistically, wants work that will build up her self-respect, keep her in circulation (meeting people in general and young men in particular) and provide her with money to spend on her interests, pleasures and person: she does not, probably sensibly, take a long-term view. As against this, the woman with the genuine vocation, to a career which she may wish to continue after marriage, stands out. What are her prospects—economically and humanly—to be? How far, and how fairly, may post-war conditions call on her to retire from the field?

Women and Work is illustrated with lively photographs—taken, I should imagine, by a concealed camera. Charts, a great feature of "The New Democracy" Series, are also present: my only criticism is, that I could wish that these charts, which, though colourful and pleasing to the eye, demand concentrated study, could be grouped at the end, for reference, instead of being interspersed throughout the text. Each chart, I found, made a rather bad interruption to what Mrs. Williams was saying—I always had to read back.

Frightened Generation

"THERE IS A FORTRESS," by Winifred Peck (Faber and Faber; 8s. 6d.), is admirable,

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Sir Edward Marsh, K.C.V.O., C.B., author and art collector, with Mr. Geoffrey Dennis

as a novel in its own right; and is, also, particularly interesting to read in the same week as the book reviewed above. For, Lady Peck—whose most ambitious and profound of, now, several distinguished novels this is—touches, imaginatively and intuitively, on the same psychological problems as Mrs. Williams. Work, in the literal sense, does not face Miranda Winter, who marries a competent Civil Servant while still young; but she has to make, by her own and more devious ways, the adaptation to facts and reality that women always find difficult. Miranda, a schoolgirl during the 1914-18 War, grows up in a state of conflict—poetic, wrapt up in dreams from which she dreads emerging; and, at the same time, with a non-romantic yearning (typical of her generation, who saw so much menaced, watched so much crumble and go) for security. From a boy-and-girl love affair, with its poetry but, at the same time, frighteningness, she turns to a "safe" marriage—none the less, Peter Clyve, the adventurous Irish cousin from whom she fled, remains an unsettling influence in her life. He accounts for certain inner, satirical reservations in Miranda's attitude to her husband, John.

Novel heroines easily pall with me: I tend to feel these ladies are making a fuss about nothing; I long to urge them to pull themselves together. With Miranda Winter this is not at all the case—I responded to the agency of her problems, which, though in themselves delicate, had major issues behind them. She is not a "type" (though many women of her generation will find much of themselves in her); she is very much an individual, with her experiments, her mistakes, her worn-hope loyalties, her precarious charm. She is a dreamer, but she is not a dreamer; and the process of her spiritual growing-up, completed towards the end of the second war, is treated with the dignity it deserves.

The Elders

YES, Lady Peck has the ideal novelist's power of making characters live. If anything, the plot or form of *There is a Fortress* suffers from the strong pull exerted on it by some of the older people—I was disappointed not being given more of the elder Mrs. Winter (Miranda's mother-in-law), who, with her

awful, fireless Scottish villa, her exasperating car-driving and her devotion to her impossible younger son (Louis, who writes clever novels debunking Scotland), definitely, it might be felt, deserves a novel to herself. Hardly less was I engaged by Colonel and Mrs. Rae—irresponsible, good-timing, phoney Edwardians—who are Miranda's parents. But the great figure in this book is the Master's sister, Miss Emily Woodbury—brusque, naughty, eccentric, elderly saint, unafraid in a changing world. By comparison, the younger, minor characters—for instance, Cynthia, Peter and Louis—seem conventional, and comparatively pale. . . . In its unostentatious and undidactic way, *There is a Fortress* goes deep. It might sound priggish to say that it has a message—but that, I suppose, I do mean: for I feel that it should be read.

Courage

"A FLAT IN BLOOMSBURY" (Favil Press; 3s. 6d.) is another book of poems by Chloris Heaton Ross, who not long ago gave us *One of the Few*. I am impressed still more by this second book—and not less moved by it than I was by the first. We had the sublimation of the loss of a young airman-husband into pure, selfless, though always personal, poetry: now, with a power that always strengthens, Mrs. Heaton Ross voices the poignancy of an attempted reconciliation with life—an attempt made for the sake of the living dead. And there is a fruition, in joy in things for their own sakes; even in the contented love of a room—

Oh, were this sure and gently beating heart
Indeed the troubled world's small counterpart!

Hunting in America

"THE HILL VIXEN" (Collins; 7s. 6d.) is a rattling good story of fox-hunting in two continents. Its author, A. Henry Higginson, well known both here and in the United States as M.F.H., amateur rider, racing owner and steeplechase steward, has more than enough material to hand: He touches with tact and knowledge on the English versus American Hound Controversy; and an exciting passage, also, hinges on the merits or demerits of Welsh blood. The "Hill Vixen," who is a young lady, provides love interest.



Miss Georgette Heyer (Mrs. Rougier), author of "The Spanish Bride," "Penhallow," "Regency Buck," and many other successful novels, and Miss Kay Dick



Miss Barbara Noble and Mr. Francis Williams, C.B.E., author of "Democracy's Last Battle," etc., and Controller of Press and Censorship, Ministry of Information, 1941

PRIDE OF LITERARY LIONS

writers and historians were among those present at the cocktail-party given for their authors. One of the guests, Sir Edward Marsh, gave a magnificent thank-the shape of a fine Wilson landscape of Cader Idris for the National Gallery



Miss Edith Pargeter, novelist, with Miss Clemence Dane, playwright and author of "A Bill of Divorcement," etc.



Mr. Evan John, author of "Crippled Splendour," with Mr. Anthony Quayle, the actor, and Mrs. Holmes Gore

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

STANDING BY

THAT array of Honourable Artillery Company pikemen who took part in the Lord Mayor's Show looked pretty impressive in their plumed morions and glittering breastplates, we thought. As with the H.A.C. branch at Boston (Mass.) their valets do not march behind, except on active service.

When in Boston some time ago we met a chap in a bar who said he was one of the valets to the H.A.C. He said it was on the whole a good life. While his master trifled gallantly with some stout burgess's wife in the parlour he was down among the serving-wench in the buttry, tossing back stoup after stoup. Valets who forgot their place got the strappado on ceremonial parade, he said. Leering or winking at any female member of the Lowell or Cabot clans of course meant death, as the Constitution provides and as Lincoln reaffirmed at Gettysburg. Government of the people, by the people, for the people, and no roving eyes at the Samurai. This chap added that Henry James left America in disgust at an outrage of this kind offered to the daughter of a third cousin of an aunt-by-marriage of a brother-in-law of one of the family of a connection of lovely Mrs. Thaddeus K. Hamslinger III, one of whose husbands had been an offshoot of a younger disaffected Cabot branch (she believed), holding perpetual barony, seisin, and feoffment in tail-male of a hash-joint or beanery somewhere on Eighth Avenue, N.Y. The hell with 'em all.

Anyhow, the Boston branch of the H.A.C. has nothing to learn from the elder or London branch in deportment and poise. If anything, indeed, its members wear a more freezing expression while priming their arquebuses, this chap said.

Quest

AMONG the more vexatious tricks of the Incas, such as human sacrifice and the wearing of feathers, was the burial of that



"Can I do your pin-ups now, sir?"

£20,000,000-worth of gold on Cocos Island, at which yet another optimist is about to take a stab, as we perceive from the public prints.

The new venturer has a map, drawn in blood some fifty years ago, by a Captain Morgan, which is just right with us. Since the age of 6 we've been a fool for treasure-maps drawn in blood. At the age of 8, as Sir Henry Morgan's right-hand buccaneer One-Eye Charley Turner, we personally took Panama and scuppered every tallow put in sight. The only jarring note in the present set-up is the venturer's complaint that a former expedition in 1934 failed "because 12 British public school men who accompanied me wanted to return to their old life."



"We don't guarantee it, but he might be Prime Minister some day"

Exeat

MORGAN OF PANAMA never had this to contend with, though any hairy Old Etonian pirate interviewing him on the topic would naturally have had a courteous hearing.

"Blast my deadlights, what's this?"

"Well, Sir, on the 15th of next month it's Gentlemen v. Players at Lord's."

"Good God, Faughaughton, I'd forgotten that."

Pause. Morgan bites his nails. Many buccaneers run past, drenching each other with rum, tossing round pieces-of-eight, chasing native women with cullasses, cutting throats, singing chantheys, swearing horribly.

"How many of the chaps want to get back for that, Faughaughton?"

"Well, Sir, about thirty, if you wouldn't awfully mind."

"Well. . . . I was only thinking. . . . I rather wanted to take Guayaquil and push on to Mexico."

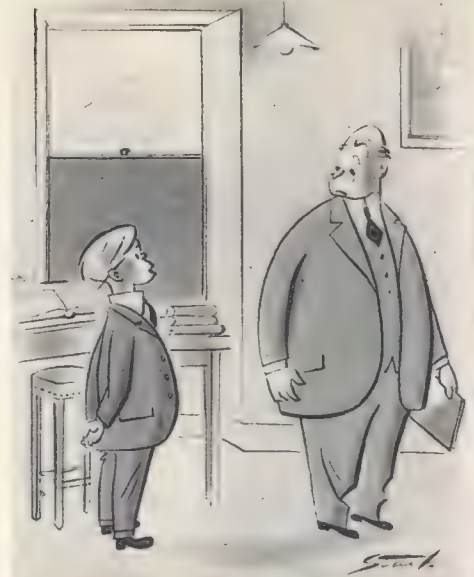
"I'm sorry, Sir."

"Not at all, Faughaughton. It's your old life, after all."

In the end Morgan, being a decent sort, would shake hands, wish his old public school men luck, and provide them with a frigate, we guess. Thanks awfully, Sir. Not at all. Not at all.

Mentor

A NEWLY-PUBLISHED volume of collected Stevenson stories raises the question once more whether the literary boys are wise



"Look Mr. Horringer—I'm not going to insult your intelligence with all that old-fashioned twaddle about grandmothers' funerals . . ."

to go round without some sort of kind old Nanny to help and advise.

Stevenson's last, unfinished, and (some think) finest story, *Weir of Hermiston*, for example, is based on a complete fallacy which Nanny could have detected in five minutes, thus saving Slogger Stevenson months of hard work and creative anguish. The nub of the plot, you may remember, is that Hermiston, the "hanging judge"—drawn from Lord Braxfield, a noted judicial bully of the 1800's—has to condemn his own son to death for murder, whereas by Scots or any other civilised law no judge would ever be allowed to act in such a position, a chap in the Inner Temple assures us. The sort of Nanny we see going round with the novelists is a gentle silver-haired old literary agent wise to all the markets. "Don't use that situation, boy!" she would cry, "That pesky little so-and-so Gertie Inkworth used it in 1932, cribbing from 'Stinker' Salescraft, who got it from Dusty Upchuck, who pinched it from Balzac in 1897." Or, "Yes, yes, a lovely inspiration, dear, but I am credibly informed that peers created before 1850 do not wear coronets in bed."

Who should supervise Nanny herself, when she gets down to the business end, is another matter. Fairies could see to that, maybe. Many publishers have no other protection.

Chum

IMPLYING the other day, in his rather snobbish way, that you don't get much return for lavishing affection on the tortoise, our favourite Nature boy did that dumb chum a wrong, in our unfortunate view.

The mystic deliberation of the tortoise, strangely resembling that of a Cabinet Minister reluctantly making up his mind, has probably misled the boy. When the tortoise digs himself in he moves his little front legs about once an hour. That is because he is thinking deeply. With the same calm mature deliberation he pursues his love-affairs, refusing to be rushed. But this slow-motion trick does not imply coldness of heart. Gilbert White of Selborne knew a tortoise who had lived with a good old lady in Hampshire thirty years. Whenever it caught sight of her, it "hobbled towards its benefactress with awkward alacrity," like a modern literary gent hastening to greet a wealthy Mayfair hostess.



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Should Foxes be nationalised?



This is only one of the two questions rocking the Shires at the moment. The other is, will hunting really get going again this winter? Bowlegged men in clubs, old gentlemen on shiny hacks, land girls on bicycles, and anxious parents in the better spinneys are all debating the latter point unceasingly. Having had our ear to the ground (near Melton Mowbray) for some time, we think the answer is in the affirmative. The Back-to-Jorrock Movement is in full swing. What is more, we can tell you where Coats . . . Pink and Black . . . and White Breeches are to be found in masses. Where? Why . . .

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looking forward
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FOREFRONT OF DESIGN

by Jean Lorimer

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CARAVAN CAUSERIE

By Richard King

WHAT a very Victorian notion it is that considers the sniggering aspect of Sex to be "the stuff to give the troops." As a matter of fact, the majority among the troops are embarrassed by it, when they are not bored sick. They leave it to the women to laugh.

In the days of our fathers and grandfathers one exhibition of the near-naked apparently "drew the Town." It is different in these days. We are not necessarily more moral, but we are far more healthy-minded. And the kind of joke and performance which used to outrage our grandfathers to such an extent that they went to see it again and again, is just taken in the modern stride as something on the theatrical level of excitement with acrobats and the Skipping-Rope Dance.

The elderly impresarios, nevertheless, cannot grasp the fact. It runs so contrary to their own Youth when, the "mice" being away, there was considered only one form of play, by jove! So, puzzled by the tame reaction of just one near-nude on the stage, they practically strip the whole chorus in the hope that a hundred bare legs and fifty bare stomachs all cavorting at once will do the box-office trick. It often does. You can't get near for the middle-aged who besiege it. But the young men in uniform are, if you will notice, most conspicuous by their absence. It makes no greater impression on them than mixed-bathing.

Where then are the Young Men in this appeal to their senses, rather than their sense? They aren't where some middle-aged theatrical producers consider they should be. A dancer can keep dropping her "seventh veil" until she dies of pneumonia and few

men between sixteen and fifty-six will bat an eyelid. That "little more" in the world of pure Sex has driven a lot of its excitement "worlds away."

Not so long ago I spent a few days of his leave with a member of the R.A.F., who was so bored and disgusted by spending his time kicking anything kickable around his camp, between performing unnecessary fatigues and being posted here and there to "prove" his still international importance, that he asked nothing better than to "do" as many London theatres as time would permit. I left the choice to him. But did he and his pals choose the leg-but-no-lingerie shows? They did not! We went to see *King Henry IV*, Parts I and 2, that lovely, human play, *The Hasty Heart*, *The Wind of Heaven* and *Lady Windermere's Fan*. And in each theatre the audience was definitely "young." It was "young" again when we tried to get into the lunch-time concert at the National Gallery; it was equally young when we stood packed like sardines in the Albert Hall for a "Prom." When I suggested they might like to see one of the spectacular revues, lavish in its economy in clothes, they dropped the suggestion like a bomb! "We get more than enough of that kind of thing in the Services," they said. "And if some Service entertainers could hear what the Troops say about some of the 'stuff' they're given, they'd think again!"

All of which convinced me once more that there is an intelligent upward trend in the mind of the modern young man which those who cater for their amusement haven't yet begun to grasp. And, in my opinion, it is among the most hopeful signs in a world which in so many directions does not proffer much encouragement to hope.



Peole, Dublin

A Brother and Sister at the Races

Racing together at Phoenix Park, Dublin, were Lord de Freyne and his second sister the Hon. Jeanne French, who is a member of the American Red Cross. Lord de Freyne, who is the seventh baron, is eighteen, and succeeded his father, the late Lord de Freyne, in 1935. The family home is at French Park, Co. Roscommon

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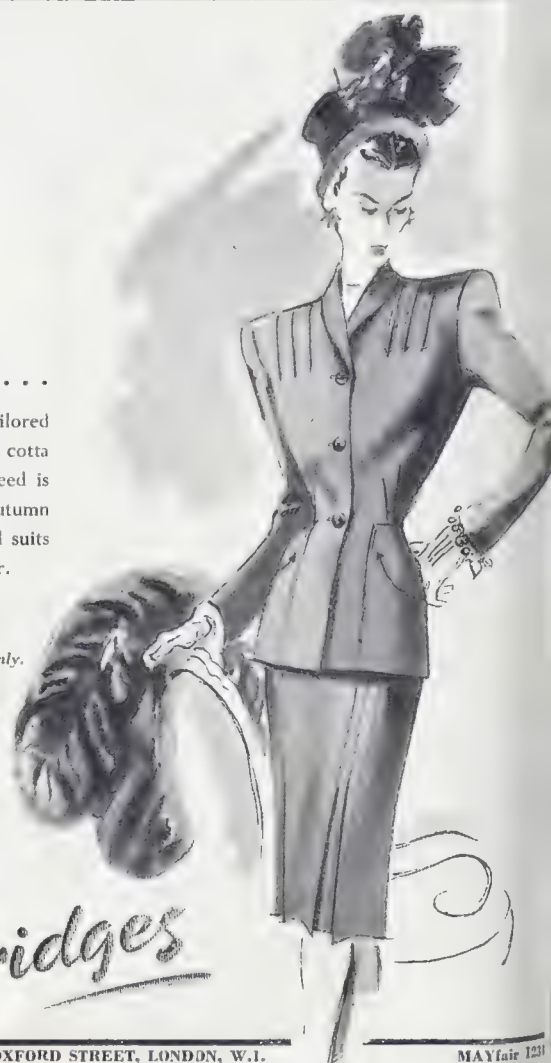
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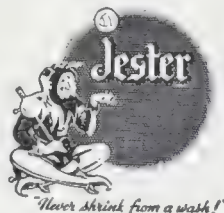
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AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

Speed Record

SOON after Britain had obtained the world's speed record with Group Captain Wilson's 606.25 miles an hour, they started: the counter-claims, the verbal throwings-down, the predictions that much higher speeds would soon be possible, the arguments that higher speeds were already being done. And that points to one of the advantages of breaking the world's speed record under the rules of the International Aeronautical Federation. When one country has broken the record under those conditions, other countries can talk as much as they like about what they can do or will do, but they will not be believed. There is only one answer to a world's speed record, and that is another world's speed record. I am, as my readers know, a great admirer of American aeronautical work. I think they produce truly magnificent aircraft and that they are extremely expert in operating them.

But I fear that the remarks reported from Los Angeles that the Shooting Star could do better than the Meteor were completely unconvincing. I think we can take it as a fact, proved beyond any sort of doubt, that the Meteor is a lot faster than the Shooting Star. After all, if it is not so, then our friends the Americans can easily demonstrate the fact by attacking Wilson's record. Until they do that, claims are "full of sound and fury, signifying nothing."

The Flying

I WAS at Herne Bay for the record runs and for a good deal of the practising, and I was spellbound by the precision of the piloting of both Group Captain Wilson and Mr. Eric Greenwood. The brown smoke streamers which the Derwent gas turbines left behind them ruled plumb straight lines across the sky. Wilson had told me that unless the aim was dead right for the centre of the course, it was not possible to do much to correct. Therefore the pilot had to aim his aircraft as if he were throwing it along the measured three kilometres. I think we must all offer our congratulations to the pilots; to the Gloster company and its designer, Mr. W. G. Carter, and to the Rolls-Royce

company and Dr. Hooker. It was a triumphant technical achievement.

And there is one other thing I must say. Herne Bay itself was generous with its hospitality. It is not every town that will retain its good temper when there is a sudden influx of hundreds of pressmen, photographers, cinema operators and B.B.C. men. Instead of being rattled, Herne Bay offered a splendid welcome. The hotels did their best to make the stay pleasant and there was good cheer and good company. And although I don't like government departments, I must give a word of praise to the Post Office which coped with incessant transfer charge telephone calls and telegrams with expedition and politeness.

Permanent Speed Course

WHEN I was talking to Group Captain Wilson just before his successful attempt, he mentioned that it might be a good thing to have a permanent speed course. He was not among those who objected to the *Fédération Aéronautique Internationale* rules. He found no insuperable difficulty about flying fast low down. Over the surface of the land, it seems, there are always likely to be too many bumps about to permit a really fast machine to develop its best performance. So the speed courses of the future are always likely to be over the sea. Herne Bay provides a perfect course if a second pier were arranged sufficiently far from the existing one. This would enable the whole process of making speed runs to be done under good conditions.

Bigger and Bigger

THE body which delights in the name of the Interim Council of the Provisional International Civil Aviation Organization, and which is presided over by



Air Vice-Marshal S. F. Vincent, C.B., D.F.C., A.F.C., Senior Air Staff Officer, Fighter Command, previously commanded a Group in the S.E.A.C. Air Command, and before that was A.O.C. 13th Group, Fighter Command. In 1942 he was lent to the R.A.A.F. and later transferred to the R.N.Z.A.F., as Deputy Chief of Air Staff at Wellington, N.Z.

my friend Dr. Edward Warner, is visualizing much bigger aircraft than they were thinking about at Chicago.

I notice in one of their latest reports that they suggest no fewer than six classifications of airports and that the class A airport is to be arranged to be capable of handling machines of 300,000 lb. weight. At the other end the Class F airport will be able to handle machines of up to 20,000 lb. weight. The growth in aircraft size has been almost as spectacular as the growth in aircraft speed. Rumours of a delightful kind were flying about the other day as to the work that will be needed to enable the big Brabazon machine which is being built at Bristol, to make its first flight. An exaggerating friend said that four villages, ten woods, nineteen spinneys, and a forest would have to be levelled in order to provide the runway needed for the new machine! Some day, I suppose, a kind of balance will be reached, as it was in ships, when further size increases will become more gradual. At the moment few people would say

where they expect the size development to end.

Posts

AFTER the debate on Lord Winster's proposals for nationalizing civil aviation in Britain, a story went round that Lord Reith was expected to be offered a very important post in the new set-up. Lord Reith did, at one time, hold the post of executive head of Imperial Airways. I should imagine that the larger posts which a government airline organization could offer might attract him; but I have not heard any direct confirmation of the story. There will, however, be some difficulty in finding men to fill all the high positions that will be created.



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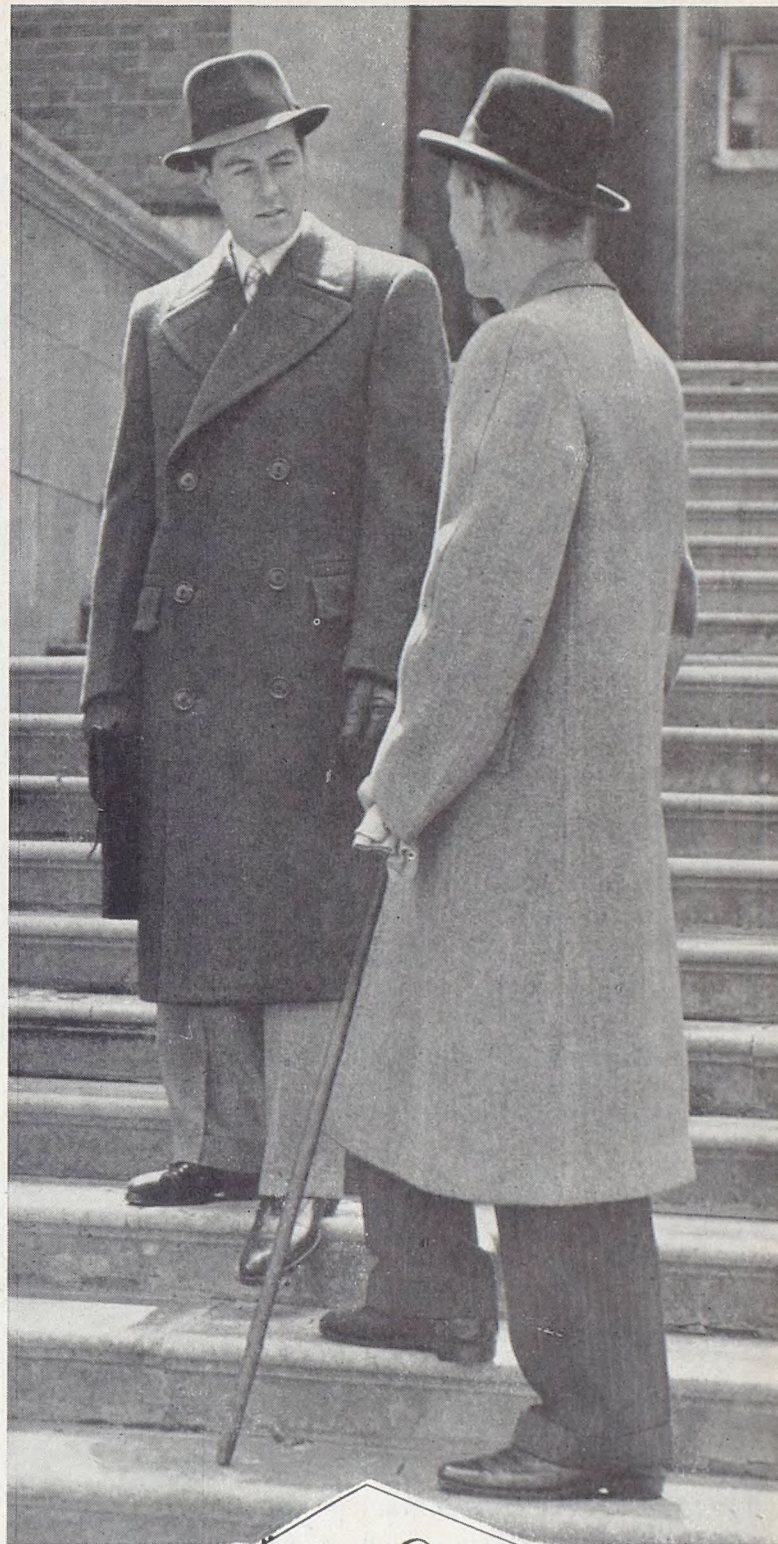
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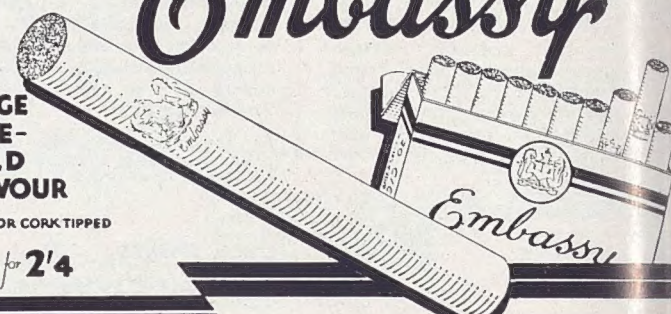
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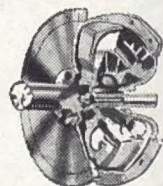
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